

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

From Kendall's *Expositor*.

TARIFF TAXATION.

IALOGUE BETWEEN TWO FARMERS.

Farmer Jones.—You don't? Don't you use salt in your family and give it to your cattle?

Farmer Smith.—I am sure I pay no tax on that.

Farmer Jones.—You don't? The Government takes from you one bushel out of every six, or makes you pay five bushels much more than it would buy six, if there was no tariff, and a little more.

Farmer Smith.—I don't understand that; please to explain.

Farmer Jones.—The Tariff imposes a tax of twenty per cent. on all the salt brought into the country which the government makes the merchant pay to distributor in its cost. On every five bushels he buys from the shipper, the government makes him pay as much as one bushel is worth. That increases the cost to him one fifth. When he goes to sell it to the farmer, he adds what the paying government to the price and so makes the farmer pay twice to him. You do understand it?

Farmer Smith.—I think I do. If the merchant's dollars for two bushels the government makes him say twenty cents to the distributor, and when he comes to sell it to me, he makes us pay him a dollar and twenty cents for the two bushels.

Farmer Jones.—Exactly—that is the principle, but the practical effect is worse than that. The merchant you know, must have his profit on all the money he pays out for the salt, whether to the master, the importer or to the government. He adds the same tax of profit to the twenty cents paid for duty as he does to the one dollar paid for salt. If his profits be twenty per cent., it amounts to four cents on the duty, so that for every twenty cents the merchant pays the government, the latter pays twenty-four cents to the merchant.

Farmer Smith.—Yes, you, I see it now. But much of the salt we buy, is made in this country and they don't tax us at all.

Farmer Jones.—It is all the same thing. The same tax which compelled the importing merchants to raise the price of the salt, comes from about twenty-four cents on every dollar's worth of salt bought at home, than he would have to pay if there were no tariff at all.

Farmer Smith.—Mr. Clay says this is to protect home industry.

Farmer Jones.—That's all the salt maker, I suppose.

Farmer Smith.—And in that way, the Tariff makes the farmer pay the salt make twenty-four per cent. more on every dollar's worth of salt bought at home, than he would have to pay if there were no tariff at all.

Farmer Jones.—Mr. Clay says this is to protect home industry.

Farmer Smith.—The new Constitution, adopted by the Rhode Island Suffrage convention, proposes to extend the right of suffrage to every white male citizen of lawful age, who may have resided in the State one year, and in the townships where he offers to vote, three months. But any question of raising a tax or appropriating the proceeds of a tax, the voter must pass either real or personal or the value of \$150. The Senate to be composed of 12 members, elected by districts, and the House of 82 members, of whom Providence is to send 12. The Governor has a veto power, but the majority of both Houses of the General Assembly can pass a bill after having returned with his objections. He is allowed forty-eight hours to consider a bill. The Judiciary consists of a Supreme Court and such other Courts as the General Assembly may establish. The Judges are to hold their offices until removed by a vote of both Houses. Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace, are elected by the people. The State election was fixed for the first Wednesday of April. The Convention which adopted these propositions was one of the people, but we are not aware in what way it is proposed to have it carried into operation.

Farmer Jones.—Well, well, I never thought of this thing before; I will go home and think about it and then will talk with you again.

SUPPORT THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

The following, from the Dover (N. H.) Gazette, we command to the attention of the Democracy of this city. That the Democratic papers are not sustained as they deserve, to be we well know. While the aristocratic papers are subsisting in prosperity, those which advocate popular freedom suffer from neglect and want of proper support—

"We have often pressed this subject upon our readers before—we repeat it—we cannot press it too often until its importance is fully and fairly appreciated. We appeal to friend and foe—to support the Democratic Press; in its triumph and support your dearest interests are involved. It is now and always has been the most free, independent and unrestrained—it's history is known, and we make no assertions on the ignorance of the community. The Democracy have no presses bought up or mortgaged to a United States Bank, controlled and being even at existence for so many dollars and cents. Bankers, financiers, and speculators have always sought Federal or Neutral prints to serve their ends. The aristocracy and opulent have branded the same for their own uses—and measures restricting or destroying the rights of the people, always meet with support from such press. On the other hand, Democratic papers have always, in a fearless manner, exposed and resisted a violation of rights, advocated Free Suffrage, and cast their lot for better or worse with the people—that is the difference—that is the reason why you should support the Democratic press. We repeat the injunction—SUPPORT IT—scatter its leaves in your families, and now as the evenings are getting long, much time may be spent in reading. DEMOCRATS! Look to it that you are well supplied with Democratic papers—the expense will repay you ten-fold hereafter.

ADVERTISING.—One of our merchants, who has tried hard to get along and save the expense of advertising, in conversation with us a few days ago, told us that he had learned something in that way, and should not again show himself a "penny wise and pound foolish." He stated that since he had begun to advertise in all the papers, his business had not merely doubled and tripled, but had increased ten-fold. Many of our old fashioned merchants who have been afraid of advertisements, have had to give way to the new and enterprising traders—and if some of the former class have maintained their ground against the latter, it has been so only under circumstances not common to the generality of merchants.

A merchant and manufacturer told us some time since, that he had sold goods enough in one year to a single customer whom he knew to have been drawn to his store by an advertisement, to pay, from the profits of those goods, all his advertising expenses for that year. A firm of lumber merchants in this city, not long since sold between five and six hundred dollars worth of lumber to a person from the country; when the bargain had been made, the purchaser remarked that he was induced to call on them (the seller) from seeing an advertisement in the Palladium—and therewith they sent us word to set them down beneath as yearly advertisers.

If customers were generally in the habit of saying to the merchant, "I see you advertise such and such articles and wish to buy them"—all doubts of the advantage of liberal advertising would soon vanish. This may perhaps be considered our ad. **vertisement.** Well—be it so then. We must insist, however, that it is not a mere puff, and that it is not put on for our own pump or altogether—but we are abundantly favored in that way and cannot well find room for all our favors of that sort, and therefore intend soon *greatly* to enlarge our dimensions, so as to have probably the largest daily and tri-weekly papers (for the price) in New England. No—no—we repeat, it is not a mere puff, but rather, as some one will admit who has been very observing in regard to the effects of advertising—*New Haven Pal.*

CONGRESSIONAL.—Mr. Marshall, in a very eloquent speech on the last day of the session, illustrated the moralities of Mr. Bott's practices, by an anecdote, which produced a great deal of merriment. An unscrupulous individual was playing low with a number of acquaintances. By way of commanding success, he stealthily withdrew from the pack of cards, the ace, king and queen of clubs, and placed them on his knee under the table. A sharp eyed fellow, who sat next him, secretly removed these cards, and substituted three low ones of another suit. Presently a club, was turned as trump, and the sharp eyed fellow seized his three cards, with a certainty of winning the money. On looking at his hand, he threw it down to dismay, and springing to his feet, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, there's cheating round this board by G—d."

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MISS HANNAH GULD.

Old winter is coming again—alack!

How icy and cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back,

He's a sassy old chap to white and black,

He whistles his chills with a wonderful knock.

For he comes from a cold country.

A witty old fellow this winter is;

A mighty old fellow for glee!

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,

The wrinkly old maiden unfit to kiss,

And freezes the dew of their lips—for this.

Is the way with such follows as he.

Old winter's a troikaless old bladd I wot,

He is wild in his hitting and tease!

He'll whistle along for the sport of his thought,

And all the warmth ofurs at naught.

And nollie hits the pretty girls bought,

For a frolicksome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree!

From morn till night he will sing his song;

Now moaning and short—now howling and long;

His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—

A merry old fellow is he.

Old winter's a wicked old chap I wot,

He withers the flowers so fresh and green—

And bites the poor nose of the moe of sixteen,

As she traumptly walks in maiden sleeve—

A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter's a tough old fellow for blows;

As tough as ever you'll see!

He withers the flowers so fresh and green—

And bites the poor nose of the moe of sixteen,

As she traumptly walks in maiden sleeve—

A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter's a wretched old chap I wot,

He withers the flowers so fresh and green—

And bites the poor nose of the moe of sixteen,

As she traumptly walks in maiden sleeve—

A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter's a wicked old chap I wot,

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